

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

## The Egalitarian Hash

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

*Trash Volume: Mezzo Forte.*

Run Number: 150 November 2018

Hair: **Captain Pugwash** with technical assistance from **Two Fathers**

Weather: Not as hot as the day before.

Afters: Tommo Club and Karoke.

Score: About 3 I think.

All the tried and noted Hashers from locations near and far had straggled down the track towards the beach where it all began. There were at least half a dozen Founders who struggled personfully to the start line. **Captain Pugwash**, **Sticky Date**, **Lost Rooster**, **Pearl** (I think his last was the first), **Meat to Pleeze You**, **Easy and Infallible** (still a sprightly runner 12.5 years later). For the hashers love hard running (if someone else does it) and a few others had also showed their face. Pretty much everyone and their dog was there (unless they were at some nuptchalls on the central coast).

**Energiser** was back from self-imposed exile and no-one mentioned the **FishFinger** debacle or her altercation with the centre line of the road. Nor shall I. **Hoof Hearted** and **Juicy Froot** were there, after a lengthy absence and very welcome too. **Mighty Aphrodite** was radiantly back for the first time since April, looking good in her beige beanie. **Freezer Balls** made the trip and lurked quietly on the sidelines as discussions were held about the ensuing walk. (Or how to avoid it.)

After a bit more milling and a discussion about the nature of counterphenomenological resistentialism, its relationship if any to topographical agnosia, and the directions to be followed by the packs there was movement at the station. Except by the bloke with the slightly burnt out and sand covered LexusHybrid following its bath in the nearby salty water. A new high bar in wankerdom has been set and he isn't even a hasher. But I digress.

The small but select runner pack was led off by the irrepressible, iridescent **Infallible** who plunged into the bush and an upward elevation, pursued by the doughty **Double Fister**, levitating **Leg Over** and the instantaneously erected\* **Limp Dick**. The walkers' pack strung out like Brown's Bovines along the track confusing the RA's car for a source of dry feed in a drought and possibly even thinking it might have been on trail.

Which it was, as the now rear bound runners were about to find after stumbling to an elevated false trail to start with. They soon rectumfried the situation and were shortly back at the front of the leaderless walking pack taking no notice of directions from the **GeeEmm** or anyone else. They (the runners) disappeared into the gloom and were followed by the walking wounded **Haemorrhoid** (apparently still suffering from a severe wound obtained in the south east Asian or Fijian continents), the dog leading/following **Hoofy** (using local knowledge) and one or two others.

Meanwhile the walkers, by now realising the usefulness of paying minor attention to the directions being followed by the omni talented **Two Fathers**, ambled in a series of meandering minipacks in the general direction of the lookout through the tasteful new constructions of the field of broken dreams. This led fortuitously and not too lengthily to the drink stop atop a scenic point where, serendipitously, the RA had set up a table. Strangely, a vehicle resembling **Pearl's** charabanc was already there disgorging the apparently near crippled **Energiser**, the gin-soaked **Freezer Balls** and possibly one or two others who escaped both detection and later punishment. And we waited for the runners who - it turned out - had variously lost, mislaid or otherwise gone off, the trail before they started straggling in from various points to the west and south. **Infallible** and **Limp Dick** used dead reckoning; **Juicy Fruit** used local knowledge; **Double Fister** may even have followed trail. And search parties were dispatched to find the lost but not forgotten **Leg Over** who arrived in private personal conveyance at the drink stop just as the pack(s) began their divers and desultory departures in the general direction of the start/finish/circle.

The circle was elliptical and never reached great heights of control. Who woulda thunk it, with **Blackdog**, **Energiser** and **Freezer** competing with **Double Fister** and **Too Keen** for disturbance rights.

Here is **Blackdog** being useful for a change in trying to get rid of the last oysters.



How could you refuse an offer like this?

After the oysters and prawns were scoffed/inhaled and the champagne set discovered life is not all Yellow, the run report failed to elucidate quite how lost the pack was. Or why, given it was a perfectly well chalked trail. But no matter. The attending founders were introduced for a congratulatory drink.



That's then in the middle. 150 runs young.

**Mighty Aphrodite** was welcomed back and shared a drink with co-launchers of the South Durras bar. Details of the launch have been almost expunged from living mammary.



**Sue Ellen, Blue Hawaii, Hoof Hearted and Juicy Fruit** all returned after lengthy absences

and surveilled the frolic from a nearby grassy knoll.



Everyone and their dog was there.



The GeeEmm's international drink came with a slight catch. And one or two mouthfuls.

NEXT RUN

### Run 151

**WHEN:** Saturday 1 December at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight Saving Time.**

**WHERE:** Somewhere in or around the Bay. Location to be decided but maybe behind the old bowling club or at **Likalaotta's** and **Relaxed's**.

**HAIR:** **Two Fathers**

**AFTERS:** Dinner on the deck at Kohli's Indian (assuming Gobbles and CHF can gain agreement from the management).

Run 152: January 2019 TBA

Run 153 February 2019 South Durras.

**Haemorrhoid**

\*Not quite sure what that's about but it appears in correspondence from Limp Dick. Maybe it describes his new tent. If not his centre pole..